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George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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CONTENTS:

Vol. 20.

Russia, (Illustrated), by E. F. P.
Recollections of My Mission, by J. W.
Come Into Line, by W. J.
Hannah and Her Baby and Husband, by
Kennon.
Reasons for Acquiring Knowledge.
My New Zealand Mission, by Alma Greenwood.
Lessons for the Little Ones.

Editorial Thoughts.
Rich and Poor.
An Adventure at Sea, (Illustrated).
Gibraltar, by Edward Stevenson.
Topics of the Times, by The Editor.
The Old-Fashioned Bonnet, by Mac.
Etiquette and Habits, by D. J. Ross.
Promises Realized, by M. F. C.

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VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1885.

NO. 14.

RUSSIA.

THE accompanying portrait is that of the present Czar of Russia, Alexander III., who succeeded to the throne upon the death of his father, who was assassinated by Nihilists on the 13th of March, 1881.

Of the present condition of Russia the reading public have been kept posted, to some extent, through the numerous press dispatches which have appeared in the newspapers.

For the last ten years that country has been prominent before the world; first through the war it had with Turkey, then by the destructive and fiendish actions of the Nihilists, and the present dispute between her and England. But with the past history of Russia our young readers, no doubt, are but slightly acquainted, probably less so than with that of any other European country.

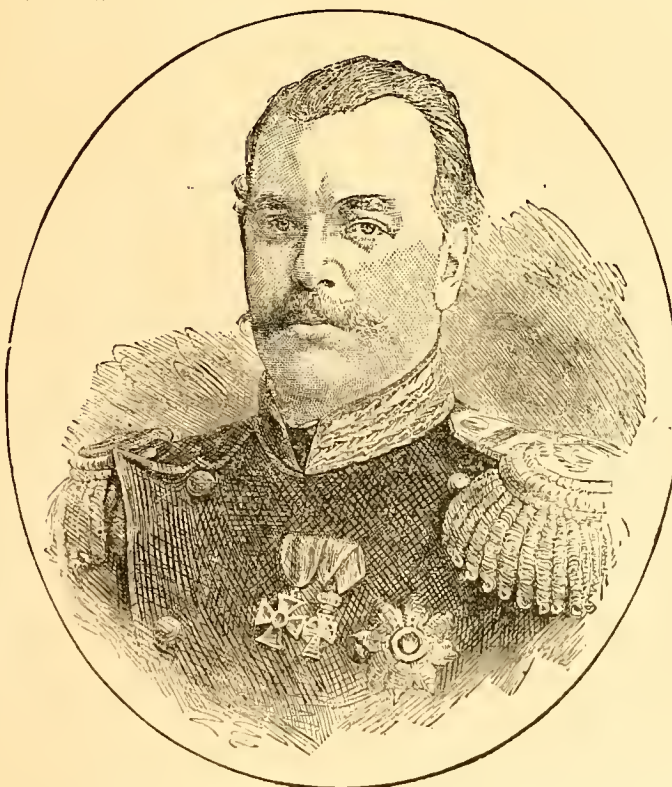
The remote history of this extensive country, like that of many other places, is enveloped in mystery and uncertainty. The origin of its people is unknown, although they are believed to have come in the first place from central Asia.

About one thousand years ago a portion of the country now included in Russia, was inhabited by numerous war-like tribes who were constantly fighting each other. In course of time the most of these tribes were subdued by a people called Kozars, who inhabited the mountains and woods. They built cities, instituted schools and entered into commercial relations with other people, and an attempt was made to introduce Christianity into their midst. Soon the Normans, or people of Norway, came and

made some of the Russian tribes tributary to them. From this time the people were brought more compactly together, by being made subject to a smaller number of rulers. Under the leadership of their Norman rulers they made attacks upon the city of Constantinople, and also made attempts to conquer other peoples with whom they were surrounded.

It would not be interesting to our young friends to give a lengthy account of the battles and contentions of the Russians among themselves and with other nations during the middle ages; and the history we have of these times is so intermingled with legends and traditions that it is not very reliable. We will therefore pass over it, as well as omit giving a description of their superstitions and absurd ideas of worship. The histories of many countries only give accounts of the actions of kings and rulers, of the battles they fought and the victories they lost or won, and of the acts of cruelty and barbarism that have been practiced. But little is said of the masses of the people—of their customs and habits or achievements; and the fact that during the past ages, the people of dif-

ferent nations have been almost continually at warfare with each other, makes their history very dull and monotonous to young readers. But we must remember that the freedom of the present age is something that has never before been enjoyed, to the extent that it now is, probably since the world began. It is only of late years that the people have conceived the idea that mankind should have equal rights, and that free



government should be the heritage of all. For ages past the world has been subjected to despotic rule, and the tyranny of corrupt potentates, who held supreme power over the masses. Hence the people enjoyed but few rights, and their lives and actions were of but little importance in the history of the countries of which they belonged.

During the last one hundred years the most wonderful changes have been made in the government of nations. Almost a complete revolution of the whole world has taken place during this time. The people everywhere are contending for a greater amount of liberty, and the indications are that some day in the near future the desire of the people will be realized.

Russia, although somewhat behind other European nations in adopting free institutions, has been deeply affected by the powers that have been at work in spreading freedom upon the earth, and she is destined, in common with other countries to become free. The dawn of her freedom has been marked from the time when Napoleon invaded her territory. One great step towards liberating her subjects was the emancipation of the serfs, which was at least partially brought about by Alexander II., the father of the present ruler. In Russia there were two classes of serfs, or slaves—those belonging to the crown and those owned by individuals. These two classes composed almost one half of the total population of the country.

In 1861 they numbered 45,862,086. About 24,000,000 of these belonged to the crown, and Alexander at once proclaimed them free; but it was a more difficult matter to liberate those held by individuals. Serfdom was an old institution in Russia, and especially of Moscow. Military service was demanded of the nobles who owned the soil, and the only remuneration they received was from the slaves they held, and they were very reluctant to abandon the practice of slavery.

The proprietors of the soil were called together and some thirteen hundred of them voted to abolish serfdom, but to leave the serfs without any land. This would of course be unsatisfactory to the slaves, and the emperor appointed a commission to see what could be done. The result was the serfs were allowed to borrow money from the government with which to purchase the cottages they lived in and the soil they cultivated. Thus the matter was settled peaceably and without bloodshed.

This emperor also instituted other reforms that were beneficial to the country. The new order of things, however, did not suit all around. In Poland the people were desirous of becoming separated and having a government of their own, and an attempt was made to this end. But the army interfered and soon put an end to their uprising, and shot or hung the leaders in the movement. Other internal difficulties arose and the spirit of Nihilism began to make its way among the people. From that time to the present its adherents have been a source of a great deal of trouble and annoyance, and the overthrow of the empire is threatened. The more we learn of the condition of different nations in the earth, the greater is our appreciation of the peaceful home we have in these valleys, where we have no cause to fear the diabolical actions of Nihilists or dynamiters, or of any of those secret societies whose only desire is to destroy. E. F. P.

THEY that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

ETIQUETTE AND HABITS.

IN the Nineteenth Ward Mutual Improvement Association, a few weeks before adjournment last Spring, it was decided to offer the sum of ten dollars as a prize for the best essays upon a subject to be selected by a committee nominated by the association. The committee selected for this purpose was, Bishop James Watson, A. W. Carlson and Ebenezzer Beesley, Sen., who, after consideration, handed in the following subject: "Etiquette and Habits that will tend to Mental and Moral Improvement." The subject was accepted, and the same committee was appointed to adjudicate upon the merits of the essays sent in. It was agreed that the best essay should take a prize of \$6.50, and the second best \$3.50. The competition was open to all the members of the association. The length of the essay was limited to 1,500 words. About one dozen compositions were sent in, and the first prize was awarded for the following one

BY D. M. ROSS.

Etiquette is the proper forms to be observed in society. This subject, which so much contributes to our happiness, is worthy of deep and earnest consideration. Steadily and gently its study elevates our minds, unfolding to our view many beautiful pictures of ideal life, wherein, moving harmoniously among our fellow-beings, we meet pleasures that result only from a careful and well-chosen course. As we are of the nature to love companionship, and to seek with others the comforts and joys of life, by nature constituted to gain happiness from witnessing the joys of our friends, in our lives so much depending on their aid and good-will, how essential it is that we know the manner in which we may obtain these desirable blessings, and contribute to the well-being of our associates!

We form a part of God's grand creation, the design of which is the ultimate exaltation of the soul to the joy and happiness of eternity. In the school of mortality we begin the course of progress. We here form associations that will probably last forever. We must lay fast hold of every good and ennobling means, and begin early and earnestly to lay a solid foundation for our career. In society, then, begins the polishing process by which the roughness of our nature is worn away, our bad habits corrected and our good ones confirmed. We attend the social gatherings and learn from observing the actions of others such manners as in their very nature create good feeling and harmony—that make people feel free and comfortable. Our awkwardness wears away and our movements partake of the grace of nature. We learn the method of treating people with the respect that is due their position in society. We learn to converse properly; we learn to listen with attention while others are speaking. Gradually good behavior becomes part of our nature. We enjoy good society; our minds become filled with pure and chaste thoughts, and less easily tempted to ponder over evil ones; and we can no longer endure low company nor see pleasure in it. Thus the observance of etiquette incites a prudent degree of pride within us, and we gain the respect of our companions.

Etiquette extends itself into every department of life, breathing forth good-will, strengthening the weak, comforting the aged and distressed, the tried and the tempted, and exerting an influence which everywhere brings forth good results. It is equally as important in the ball room as in the theatre, in the social gathering as in the church. Wherever one is he

should understand what is becoming and dignified, his duty and his proper position. One can never overstep the bounds of proper decorum without reflecting discredit upon himself. That he may is a false idea and should be abandoned. Some individuals who are polite in refined society are not so when in company of a lower caste, when in truth their proper bearing would produce a good effect.

Washington, in company with some distinguished friend, once met a negro who made him a polite bow which the president immediately acknowledged. His friend reprimanded him for this act as unbecoming in him to notice such an individual. His answer beautifully portrays the spirit of true politeness: "I allow no negro to be more polite than I can be."

Despicable are the persons who assume so high a place in the social circle, flattering those from whom they wish favor, fawning the rich, but scorning the poor, the honest, the worthy. What honor they get they steal by deception; what honor they are worthy of is none at all. Generally speaking, riches should have no influence in securing respect. If they were obtained by the strictest honesty and unswerving uprightness and industry the situation would be changed, for then they would represent the use of sterling qualities which are worthy of all approval. The basis of esteem should be the integrity of the heart and the sincere, righteous desire of the individual. In these there is worth with which riches cannot be compared. The person who allows riches to influence him in judging of character, shows a poor conception of true worth. A part, then, of good breeding is to bestow respect where it belongs by natural right.

The etiquette of public gatherings should be better understood in order that good may result therefrom. In all these meetings the people should be seated before the exercises begin, if possible. Those who come in late disturb that quietness and peace which should remain undisturbed. If it is unavoidable on the part of some to be late, a due respect for those who are interested in the proceedings would show a knowledge of etiquette and a desire to conform to what is proper under the circumstances. On tip toe, as quietly as possible, comes in the person who is wise and considers what he is doing. His act will gain the good-will of those who see he has consideration for their feelings; for the principle of kindness is this, that respect will beget respect and love beget love; and more than this, they will appease anger, and therefore are the right, the cogent forces to be used in doing good. But the duty requiring most care is the quietness and reverence during prayer, for then the congregation, through the speaker, are invoking the presence and blessings of their Father in heaven, while whisperings, inattention and kindred disregards of His Holiness will incur His displeasure and anger. In rising for the benediction usually the noise is considerable, and unnecessarily so. It appears likely that many heed not what they do when they stand before God to receive His blessings before separating to their homes, for they are preparing to go and move about so much that they disturb the serenity of mind others have while feeling to thank God for His favors.

Let the young pay attention to gentle manners and reverence that which is holy. In the meeting, before the assembled veterans of Israel, our honored brethren and sisters, whose labors and sacrifices have placed us in the position wherein we enjoy the blessings of happy homes and good society, let the young show forth their respect for age, their reverence for sacred things, their appreciation of these great privileges and their worthiness of the place they occupy. Let them cease

the unbecoming practice of remaining outside until the services are begun ere they enter and take seats, thus producing discord and confusion. Let them abandon such habits and they will find a better feeling towards them prevails among society—among those worthy persons whose respect and good-will are alone of any real value, and worth making much of an effort to obtain.

While it is beyond the limits of this essay to specially mention many subjects, there is but little need for an apology for introducing one of such importance as that of proper conduct in public assemblies.

Etiquette is but one of the many subjects of interest to the young people, and which are essentially necessary to be understood in order to advance in intelligence. A steady endeavor to be well informed, a strong adherence to the truth, a deep-seated love of honesty, a careful avoidance of intemperate habits, a conviction of the necessity of an active, useful life, and a reverence for the sacred things of heaven, are among the motives of an upright mind. If they are well established they lead to mental and moral improvement. It is to be hoped that the number of individuals who have no desire for improvement and progress is small, and that the great majority are anxious to advance, and wish to know the proper course to pursue in order to make the greatest headway towards a cultured condition of the mental and physical powers.

Experience and history teach that the path of true progress lies in the practice of the simple, fundamental virtues. Avarice and deception may appear to give prosperity for a time, but bitter and dishonorable is the end, the final outcome. That which leads to increasing joy and happiness, to never ending progress, and which brings no pangs of conscience, no regrets, is that which the mind seeks after.

Nothing gives a greater impulse in the proper direction than does true religion. It concentrates the mind on the object of life, establishes a delightful serenity of feeling, and satisfies the yearnings of the soul after something tangible upon which to rely. More than this, it comprehends all that is true and ennobling in every department of life. Truth is one of its foundation principles. Truth is considered by the good and bad alike as being elevating in its character. Be he ever so depraved, man has an inward conviction that truth is a proper principle. Though he be of the base and knavish, still, when finding it necessary to trust in any individual, his thoughts turn from his companions to the man of truth and honesty. And what is thus capable of gaining the admiration and respect of all classes is worthy of the strict adherence of the young mind.

Among the moral virtues may be mentioned earnestness, honesty, gentleness, chastity and cheerfulness, each entering largely into the formation of good character. Temperance is a subject at the foundation of morality, health longevity and happiness. It refers not only to the use of intoxicants (under whose influence the lives of others as well as their victims are in jeopardy) but also to eating and the use of mental and bodily powers.

Among the habits tending to mental improvement we find reading, composition, deep thought, perseverance, method and industry. In reading we should select the best books, and in all our efforts use a proper method and much perseverance. Our ambition, then, should cause us to strive assiduously for a good name, an honorable place among the worthy; and if we labor diligently remembering that "nothing great is lightly won," the obstacles in our way will be overcome, one by one and the darkness will give place to light.

COME INTO LINE.

BY W. J.

JOSEPH SMITH, son of a true prophet of God, and president of an apostate church, recently made an urgent appeal to a Salt Lake City audience to "come back into the original church, which is all truth and harmony." Governor Ramsey, of the "Utah Commission," in a recent speech to some of the citizens of Manti, delivered himself thus: "I hope the time will speedily come when Utah, like all the other States and Territories, will be of one accord. * * * That you will see fit to thus come into line with this great nation I heartily pray." And it is not long ago that President Cleveland, in addressing the delegation appointed to present to him the "Declaration of Grievances and Protest," thus expressed himself: "I wish you out there could be like the rest of us."

Now, what does all this mean? The Latter-day Saints are in the original Church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which was established by command of God, April 6th, A. D. 1830. They have never left it. But they are invited to leave it, and join a bogus, partial imitation subsequently organized by apostates from the true church, which they will not do. The bait of "truth and harmony" will not be swallowed by any true Latter-day Saint either, for he has embraced a system which has more of those principles in it than can be found in all the world besides. Oh, no, Joseph, your "urgent appeal" will fail in its object, for no true Saint will heed it, and any others you are welcome to gather into your counterfeit church. But you may prepare to hear from the lips of your honored father: "'Come back into the original Church'—against which you are fighting in vain!"

"I wish you out there could be like the rest of us!" What "rest of us?" "Why, like all the people of the United States are who are not Latter-day Saints." Exactly! And what are the fifty millions of people in these United States, exclusive of the Latter-day Saints, like? They are just like Paul told Timothy they should be: "This know also that in the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; * * * giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry; men of corrupt minds; men who resist the truth; but whose folly shall be manifest to all men." And an additional description may be found in the terrible record of crime which is published every day in the newspapers of the country. Then there are some who are pretty good people; but recourse to the records kept by angels of God is necessary in order to learn all the deeds of darkness and damning infamies of which this enlightened nation of regenerators is guilty before God. And you wish the Latter-day Saints to "be like the rest of us?" Vain, unkind, and wicked wish! It cannot be! God has forbidden it, and Him they obey!

"Come into line with this great nation!" "Come into line?" Does he who uttered this invitation have the faintest idea of the vastness and eternal importance of this subject to the Latter-day Saints? He may reel off the request, and put it in the form of a prayer to make it impressive, but he cannot

realize the depths of eternity which it sounds, nor the forfeiture of celestial glory which it involves, nor the torments of the damned which the weak yielding to it would incur.

"Come into line?" This was the popular doctrine among the antediluvians—the doctrine of opposition to the will of God. Noah was commissioned by the Almighty to teach them temporal salvation from the coming deluge; and also that spiritual salvation which always follows obedience to the commandments of the Lord through His prophets. But how did they receive His message? Josephus says: "He was afraid they would kill him, together with his wife and children, and those they had married, so he departed out of that land." And it is hardly necessary to tell Bible believers that they were all destroyed by the flood excepting Noah, his wife, and his sons and their wives; and this, too, because they heeded the popular and diabolical cry of "come into line," and repented not of their wickedness, but hardened their hearts, rejected Noah as a prophet of God, and defied the Almighty. And Jesus found them, some twenty-four or twenty-five centuries afterwards, still suffering in the prison-house of the damned for their rejection of the message of salvation through Noah. (*1. Peter 3*). They had "come into line!"

"Come into line?" Yes. That's what the devil wanted Jesus to do, and, in order to succeed, he tried to take a mean advantage of Him when He was hungry. Matthew tells us that when Jesus "had fasted forty days and forty nights He was afterwards a hungered. And when the tempter came to Him he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But He answered and said, It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy city, and setteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto Him, If thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again the devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto Him, All these will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him."

This is sublime! It appears that the devil had a certain amount of power with Him for the time being, for he took Him into the holy city and set Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and he afterwards took Him up into an exceedingly high mountain, and did his best to turn Him aside from His glorious mission, for he would have been pleased to block the atonement, and defeat the great Jehovah in all that He had purposed through the agency of His beloved Son—but Jesus would not "come into line."

And shall the Latter-day Saints "come into line with this great nation?" "Come into line!" Shall they return to the pit from whence they were dug? After they have learned that two and two make four, shall they declare they do not? Shall they barter truth for error, and "swap" purity for the reeking corruption of the present age? Shall they testify that the plan of salvation as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith is not true, when they know as well as they know of their own existence that it is true? Shall they ignore God's Holy Priesthood through which they have received so many

indescribable and such glorious blessings? Shall they violate their sacred covenants and fight against God? Shall they join the people and government of the United States in doing all they can to prevent the establishment of universal peace, the reign of Messiah, and the full and final redemption of the earth and man from the power and thralldom of Satan? Never, no never! They know the truth, and will live it. They understand the authority of the Holy Priesthood, and will honor and obey it. They know that their salvation depends on their faithfulness in keeping the commandments of God. And they know, too, that their spotters, their persecutors, their prosecutors, and their enemies generally, will have no future worth existing in only what comes to them through the gospel and Priesthood now held by the despised Elders of Israel. And the people of God in these mountains had better lose all their property, and wander destitute, afflicted, and tormented—yes, the Elders of Israel had better be stacked up in piles, a quorum in a pile, and be burnt to ashes, than prove recreant to God and truth, be despised of man, disowned of God, and sink down to the lowest hell, to endure the awful torments of the damned. Oh, no, they cannot, and they will not, accept the invitation to “come into line.”

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Hannah parted from her husband, after their understanding that she was to be the sole manager of the plan for his pardon and release, she flew along the corridors of the jail until she reached the door of the warden's office. Here she paused for a moment to catch her breath and compose her features. When she went in, after having rapped and been bidden to enter, the bluff old man turned sharply toward her from his writing table.

“Well, young woman, what success? Stop. You need give no answer. Your face tells me that you think you have won the contest. I am not sorry. But once more I warn you that I will have no trifling. You, I will trust, as far as I am obliged to confide in you. But your man, don't let him expect any trust from me; and if he tries any tricks, I hope he'll get hung and so rid society and yourself of his useless presence.”

The words were not very encouraging. But Mrs. Thorn-dyke had learned enough of Butler to look below his rough phrase; and she now had no terror in his presence nor from his grim speech. She hastily began her recital.

She detailed all the information that she had received concerning the project of the prisoners. She attempted to hide nothing except the close participation of her husband in the conspiracy. But though her will was good enough, she failed to deceive the keen perceptions of Warden Butler. He smiled sardonically when she carefully excluded from the rehearsal of the scheme, every incident tending to involve Rupert. But this did not prejudice her cause. Her listener was not disgusted and not much surprised. He only muttered,

“Women are just like temptation. They'll follow a man wherever he goes; and the lower he sinks, the closer they'll cling.”

After all the important facts were in his possession the warden said, with less harshness than was usual in his tone:

“Go home now; and leave the rest of the affair to me. You'll not have to wait long for your husband; I have already secured a promise of complete pardon for him. When he comes to you, (if he don't jump the country as soon as I let him out), take him away from this region. Don't let him meet any of his present associates. They would either kill him for his treachery, or lead him back into an evil way of life. Goodbye, my girl! You are a staunch, honest young woman, much too good for that unworthy man whom you call husband.”

Hannah left the penitentiary, when she was thus dismissed. But her heart was far from light. The warden's words had raised her fears; and now she apprehended that before Rupert could be set free, some evil from his companions might befall him. She went to the dingy hotel with saddened thought. The excitement which up to this time had sustained her was now gone; and in its stead came doubts as to the wisdom of her course and the success of her plan. But she felt that she must not delay her departure. Much as she desired to be near Rupert, and assist him away from the prison town, she knew that she must go and trust the issue to kind Providence and gruff Mr. Butler. So that evening she took the stage which passed through on its way to Boulder.

It was a long, tedious ride—full of worry and dread; but at last it was ended and Hannah found herself sitting at the little table in her own modest home by the side of old Si Whopscott. She had cried out her trouble upon his bent and dusty shoulder; and now he was striving to comfort her.

“Never mind, my little gal. Yer man will be here inside a day or two; and then ye'll be all jolly. Ye can stay here long as ye like; an' I'll take keer on ye.”

Certainly, the old man was coming out strong under difficulties. He had long ceased to drink. He had been full of industry and economy. Every one who wanted a reliable dray-man now sought Si. And his little brown mules—too dear to the old man to be abused by very hard labor, had been retired on half-work and full rations; while a heavy span of horses did the bulk of the duty. It was even supposed that Si had nearly four hundred dollars in the bank. But that may have been a baseless rumor. However, Hannah had always found that it was no trouble to obtain money with which to visit her husband.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REASONS FOR ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.—Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation, and sometimes to enable them to obtain the victory of wit and contradiction, and sometimes for lucre and possession; but seldom to give a true account of their gift of reason for the benefit and use of man, as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind, to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort on commanding ground for strife or contention, or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 198.)

FROM here I took train for Leeds. Four students from a college were in the same compartment, going for an outing. In their conversation they invited me to join. Speaking of a bill then before parliament to give married women property rights, independent of their husbands, a remark I made caused one of them to say, "Ah, that sounds like the far west!" I answered, "Yes, sir, perhaps it does; the remark came out unawares, as I do not like to appear singular in company."

Student.—Well, no harm in that; but shall we infer from it that you are from the west.

Elder.—Yes, sir, I am from the west.

S.—And you have actually crossed the great plains of America?

E.—Yes, sir, at different times and in various ways. I have walked across, I have twice driven an ox team across, and crossed on the cars.

S.—May I ask how long a journey you ever took at one trip?

E.—The longest that occurs to me just at this moment is when I left my home in Beaver County, Utah, with an ox team to assist our emigration. We met them on the Missouri River, the distance of the round trip being 2,460 miles and the total time of actual travel five months.

S.—Two thousand four hundred and sixty miles! O, how it does shock one's notions of geography! But what kind of roads did you have to travel over in such a distance?

E.—Every kind, from solid rock to clear mud, including every grade of sand. But we had this privilege: if the roads did not suit us we could mend them, there were none to interfere with us.

S.—Well, but were there no rivers to cross in such a distance?

E.—Yes, plenty of them, from what the poet calls "the mighty Missouri that rolls down to the sea" down to the smallest creek.

S.—Well, how did you cross them?

E.—In various ways, some we ferried, some we bridged and some we forded:

S.—What did you do about stopping places?

E.—We could stop anywhere, there was no one to hinder us. But some places were better than others. A first-rate place was where there was wood, water and grass; sometimes we got all three, sometimes two of them, sometimes only one and at others none.

S.—But were there no houses in which to stop, no hotels, etc?

E.—None. There was a town when we stopped and a vacant place when we left.

S.—But where could you all sleep at night?

E.—Some in the wagons, others in tents and many in the open air.

S.—But was it not dangerous to health, and on account of wild animals?

E.—As to health, none suffered; and as to the animals, we were hunting them oftener than they were hunting us.

S.—What about the Indians, did they not trouble you?

E.—No. Our policy was that it was cheaper to feed them than to fight them, and far less dangerous, so we were kind to them and kept good guard besides.

S.—Were you ever in Salt Lake City?

E.—Yes, a number of times.

S.—Well, you did not stay there?

E.—Certainly not, or I would not now be here.

(At this moment all but the questioner burst out laughing.) I said, "Gentlemen, please excuse me. It was rude in me to answer in that manner. I spoke without thinking.

"O yes, we knew that," replied one of the students, "when ever anyone says a good thing he always says it without thinking; if he thought about it he would spoil it."

S.—Well, allow me to try again. I would like to ask you one more question, and it is this: how did you make your "brass" in that country?

E.—Do you refer to what I might be supposed to have in my pocket or on my face?

(Another general laugh.)

S.—Well, both, or in other words, what do you do to earn a living out there?

E.—Gentlemen, this must stop. For in England, where men get a living by making dolls' eyes or grinding pen-knife blades, it will never do for me to tell you what I have done to earn a living in Utah, as I have a regard for my character for veracity.

S.—My dear sir, we hope you have not formed such an opinion of us as to think we would doubt what you might tell us. We assure you to the contrary. Besides we are prepared for almost anything from people in the west.

E.—Well, gentlemen, if you would like to hear, I will tell you of a few things I have done for a living in Utah; and I say at the start that I have never done any kind of work but what I am yet able to do. To begin with, my father was a tailor. I learned the trade of him, and I have worked at that more or less ever since I went to Utah, which is twenty-two years.

S.—Well, I suppose that would be a good trade, as people need clothes in every country.

E.—I have owned and cultivated a farm and raised crops every year but two ever since I went to Utah.

S.—Indeed! To supply your own food and clothes would make you well nigh independent.

E.—Not quite. It was my lot to first live in a remote settlement, three hundred miles away from a store. It would have taken seven weeks to have made a trip with oxen, so it was easier to make the cloth than to go after it, even if we had the money, which was not always the case. So I took to weaving and made cloth during a part of each year. We raised the sheep, I sheared them, my wife spun, I wove and cut out and made the clothes.

S.—That was certainly independence, and must have kept you pretty busy.

E.—Shoemakers happened to be scarce with us, and I found out I must make shoes or go without. So for some years I made all the shoes for my family and some for others.

S.—Well, well, what a variety of work!

E.—But changes have come to Utah, and the loom and spinning-wheel are disappearing. I have not woven any for several years; but instead I have been agent for a factory—buying wool and selling cloth.

S.—What we call a wool stapler here.

E.—I believe so. For the past four years our lands have been in market, and I have been engaged in finding corners,

running lines, making out claims, filling up and acknowledging deeds, etc.

S.—What we call conveyancing, in England. But did you not include acknowledging deeds? Would you not have to be a judicial officer to acknowledge deeds?

E.—Yes, sir, I have been a county justice for eight years past, and a city alderman and justice of the peace for four years past.

S.—What an active life you must have had, and how fully your time must have been occupied!

E.—Yes, plenty to do; but for the past four years, in addition to my farm, I have made most by the sale of threshing and reaping machines, farm wagons and implements, and as an agent for the sale of sewing machines, and with the whole have not had much time to waste.

All burst out laughing. We were now out of the cars and had come to the place where our roads parted. While taking leave one remarked how pleasant it must be to have such a variety of work, instead of being confined to one small job for a lifetime, as is generally the case in England. All shook hands with me and thanked me for the information I had given them, and expressed their regrets that our meeting could not be prolonged, as they would have liked to have learned more of our people and country.

I started for my lodgings, and on the way met the branch president, who seemed surprised to see me. He told me that as the Saints had not heard from me for so long, (about twenty-five days), they were about to conclude that I had got discouraged and gone home. But I was there and was feeling well, having on the whole got along well on my long journey. Thus ended my first trip around the conference.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XI.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

IN the evening of the 28th of June we held a private meeting at the house of Brother Miller. We confirmed the two persons just baptized, and subsequently baptized and blessed some children of this same family.

Soon after this, while distributing tracts, I offered one to the attorney-general and received abuse in return. I also sent a second tract to Rev. Mr. Hamblton, by the hand of his servant. The minister soon returned it in person, throwing it abruptly at me, saying, "We belong to the established church and have no use for your tracts."

I soon found that the priests not only ruled the people but influenced the governor and chief authorities; and in consequence of this influence a card was placed on the door of the barracks which read as follows: "An individual named Stevenson, a Mormonite preacher, is not allowed in the barracks." This was shown to me upon one occasion as I was being marched out of the barracks, although the guard expressed sympathy for me and considered this act as base persecution.

With all this, however, they were not satisfied, but got up the following summons, which was handed me by one of the police:

"CITY GARRISON AND TERRITORY OF GIBRALTAR.
To Edward Stevenson, of Gibraltar:

You are hereby required to personally appear before me, Stewart Henry Paget, or any other of her majesty's

justices of the peace, in and for the said city garrison and territory, at the police office, on the 30th day of September, 1853, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon of the same day, to answer to the complaint of James McPherson, charging that you have used words profanely, scoffing the holy scriptures, and exposing part of them to contempt and ridicule. Dated this 29th day of September, 1853."

I was afterwards informed that the complainant was expecting a handsome reward if he got me into trouble. On one occasion I overheard the magistrate who issued the summons say to some ladies that he hoped soon to see me in the stocks.

On the 30th I repaired to the police office. Just before going into court I had the pleasure of bearing my testimony to about fifteen persons, until prohibited by the police. I soon faced my plaintiff, and one good look in his face unnerved him. The following colloquy occurred in the court room:

"Do you know the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was your first acquaintance with him?"

"Soon after he came here."

"What did he then give you those books?" (holding up some books I had sold the plaintiff and for which he failed to pay me.) "Did he wish you to change your religion?"

"Yes, he said I ought to be baptized."

"In what way did he want you to be baptized?"

"By immersion all over in the water."

"Did he speak against the established religion?"

"He said sprinkling little children was not right, as they were not old enough to judge for themselves—they were not accountable."

"Is this all he said?"

"His books say all the churches sprang from the mother of harlots—the abominable Catholic church."

"Can you find it?"

My books—the Book of Mormon, Voice of Warning and some tracts—were then opened. I now availed myself of the opportunity of opening my Bible at the 17th chapter of Revelation, where it speaks of the mother of harlots. After the judge looked over the text for a short time he remarked, "Oh, this is the Bible."

"Yes, sir," I answered, "all our quotations are from the Bible."

Many officers and spectators began to think that this was a singular way of scoffing at the holy scriptures. The questioning of the plaintiff then continued:

"Did he perform baptism on you?"

"No, but he did on a dockyard policeman and a gunner and driver of the royal artillery."

I was still looking in my Bible, when I was asked, "Do you hear, sir?"

"Yes, sir, all that is said," I replied.

It was then stated that I ought to give bonds to not speak to the military at all, and a bond with penalty was prepared. I was not allowed a defense, neither did they examine other witnesses who had been subpoenaed, as they found their evidence would be in my favor. On my refusal to sign a bond I was taken by the police as a prisoner into the prison room. Soon afterwards the officer came into the room and compromised the bond by running his pen through some of the lines, rendering it as useless as a blank piece of paper. So to accommodate them I signed it and went on my way. I soon baptized several persons, among whom was a woman who had held me on her knee when I was a child. I organized a branch of the Church.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SALT LAKE CITY was the scene of some excitement on the fourth of July—Independence Day. Upon many of the public buildings, such as the Tabernacle, Tithing Office, the City Hall, County Court House, etc., the stars and stripes were hoisted half mast. This gave great offense to a number of persons, and they were disposed to make a disturbance. The difficulty, however, was finally adjusted without violence. The flag on the large store of Z. C. M. I. was also hoisted half mast, but the intimation was threatened by some parties, and it was thought prudent to hoist the flag to the top of the mast.

A more fitting way of displaying the flag on that occasion could not have been selected by a people situated as we are than by having it placed at half mast. To have a flag displayed at half mast is no disrespect to the flag, but is recognized as a sign of mourning all the world over. We are in the condition of mourners at the present time—mourners for the loss of our liberties, for the wicked attempts which are being made to destroy them. We really are contending not only for ourselves but for all this nation for the rights guaranteed under the constitution. The wrongs practiced upon us are ruinous to the principles of religious liberty. In resisting these encroachments, therefore, as we do through the courts, we are maintaining the rights of every worshiper of God, and infidel, and idolator in the land. The right to worship according to the dictates of conscience, so long as in the exercise thereof no one else is interfered with or infringed upon, is one that every man of every creed should have.

It would not have been improper upon such an occasion to have draped the flags with crape as well as having them at half mast. Liberty, if not dead in these mountains, has been most cruelly wounded, and she lies prostrate in our streets and in our courts. How any people under the circumstances that we are in could make the fourth of July a day of revelry, a day when the small measure of liberty we enjoy should be dwelt upon with delight seems very strange. True patriotism is not confined to resistance of the acts of wrong committed against the individual, but it extends to those also committed against others. Perhaps many think—"These acts don't affect me; I am not troubled, and why should I give myself any concern if other men are sent to the penitentiary and are denied their rights under the law?"

But no true patriot has any such feeling as this. John Hancock, who was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a man of wealth. He was not particularly oppressed by the acts of the parent government, but his country was, and he felt the wounds in his own person. He and other prominent signers of the Declaration of Independence

could have lived under the parent government, had they consulted their own ease only, and not been disturbed. But their great hearts swelled with indignation at the wrongs inflicted upon their country and they made common cause with their fellow-citizens. John Hampden was rich enough to pay the ship money assessed under King Charles, but it was a wrong and he would not submit to it. He resisted the wrong, not for his own sake alone, but for the sake of his countrymen and the liberties of his country. By that act he rendered himself a hero, and his name has come down to us embalmed in glory for his noble stand.

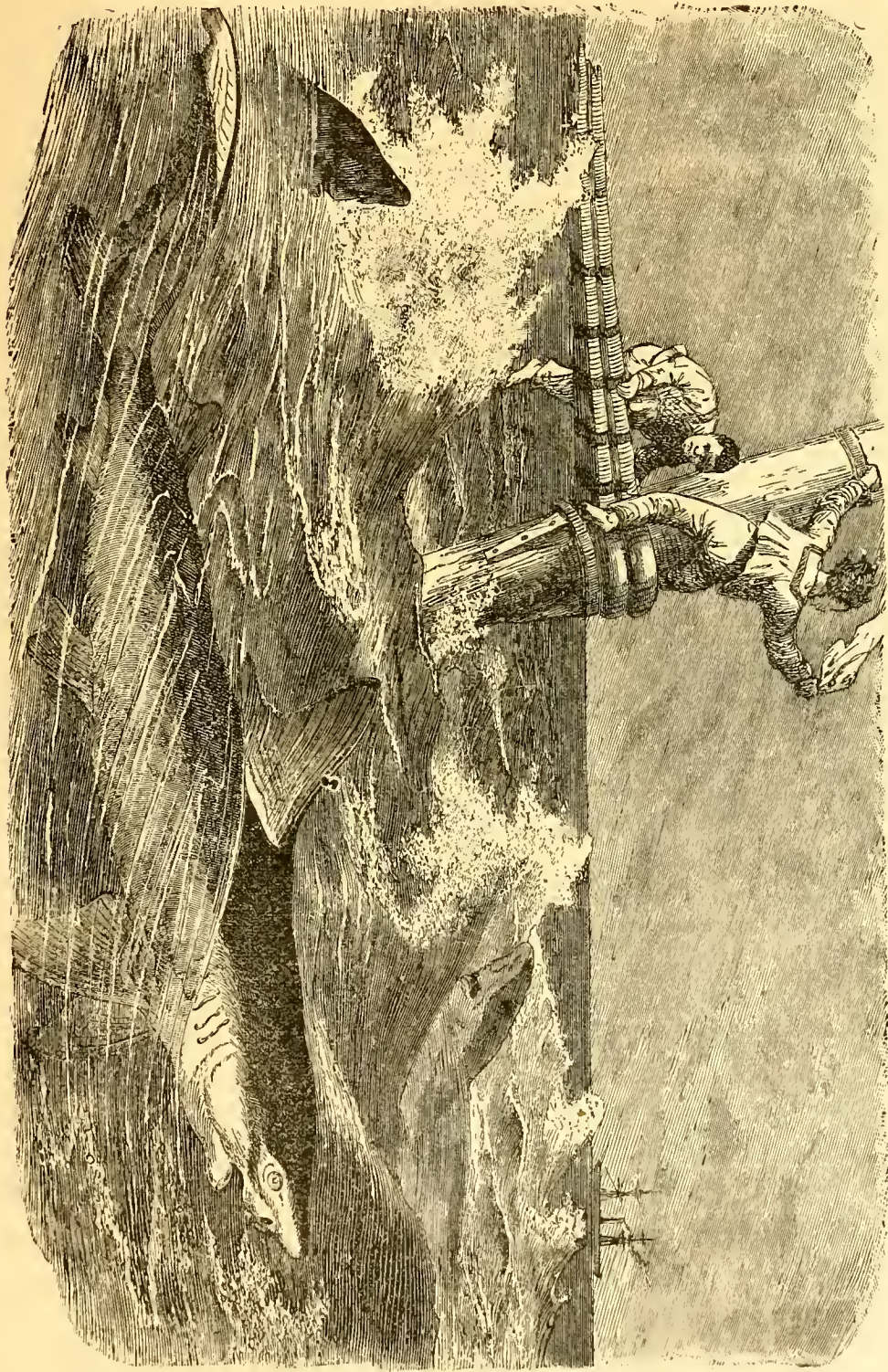
So it is with us to-day. A blow aimed at liberty should be felt by every citizen, not by those alone who are called upon to suffer in their own person, but by all, for no one knows how soon tyrants may strike down himself or his children. Therefore the first encroachments should be met and battled against. This is precisely the position that we as Latter-day Saints occupy to-day. We have proved by too many acts our loyalty to the constitution and our devotion to its principles and the flag of our country for our conduct to be questioned upon these points. When many of the men who now prate so loudly about loyalty were either not in existence or in no condition to show their devotion to the country, Latter-day Saints hoisted the flag—the stars and stripes—in this valley, and proclaimed to the world that, though oppressed and cruelly outraged by their fellow-citizens, their love for the country was not extinguished, and their determination to maintain the flag and its honor was not impaired. Such acts as these speak louder than all the vaporings which we hear.

Apostates figured in the scene on the fourth of July and told how much they love the flag, when the facts are that they were first taught respecting American liberty and the flag of the union by "Mormon" Elders in their native land. It is probable that they would be living in Great Britain to-day as subjects of Queen Victoria if it had not been for the gospel which they now have cast aside.

RICH AND POOR—THEIR DISTINCTIVE BASES—The distinction between rich and poor rests on two bases. Within its proper limits on a basis which is lawful and everlastingly necessary; beyond them, on a basis unlawful, and everlastingly corrupting the frame work of society. The lawful basis of wealth is, that a man who works should be paid the fair value of his work; and that if he does not choose to spend it to-day, he should have free leave to keep it, and spend it to-morrow. Thus an industrious man working daily, and laying by daily, attains at last the possession of an accumulated sum of wealth, to which he has absolute right. The idle person who will not work, and the wasteful person who lays nothing by, at the end of the same time will be doubly poor—poor in possession and dissolute in moral habit; and he will then naturally covet the money which the other has saved. And if he is then allowed to attack the other and rob him of his well-earned wealth, there is no more any motive for saving, or any reward for good conduct; and all society is thereupon dissolved, or exists only in systems of rapine. Therefore the first necessity of social life is the clearness of national conscience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has justly earned.—*Ruskin.*

To be wise too late is the exact definition of a fool.

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA. (See page 218).



AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

"NO, sir," said Johnny Morton to his playmate, Frank Jarvis, "I don't want to go to sea, for I have read of how dangerous it is on the water, and how sick it makes one feel to be there. If ever I went on the ocean I should expect to be ship-wrecked."

"You're what seamen would call a land-lubber," replied Frank, who had for a long time been anxious to become a sailor, though he was now but fifteen years old. "There's not much danger on a ship, and as for sea-sickness that would soon pass away. I tell you there'll be lots of fun for us on a ship if we could but get there."

"If I wasn't afraid of being sick and getting drowned, I would like to go on a vessel," said Johnny; "but then I don't know that father would let me, as he wants me to go to school another year."

"Oh, you can tease your father to let you go, and I'm sure I can go. I'll take care that you don't get drowned, if you will," was Frank's answer; and without arriving at any other conclusion than to get their parents' consent to go on a sea voyage, the two boys separated for the night.

Now Frank Jarvis was the petted and almost spoiled son of wealthy parents, while Johnny Morton, being but one among several children of parents who were not more than comfortable in worldly affairs, was not accustomed to having his own way at all times. Still he was loved by his parents, who sought to gratify his wishes when they were not considered as positively unwise.

The homes of these boys were situated on the shore of a small lake in one of the eastern states, and it was while finding amusement on this water in their boats that the first desire to go to sea was aroused. They had never beheld the ocean, and doubtless thought that the larger the body of water the greater would be their enjoyment in sailing thereon.

The boys therefore teased their parents almost unceasingly for permission to go to sea. Their minds being now set upon going they were determined that nothing but the decided refusal of their parents would turn them from their project. The parents, on the other hand, were very anxious to have the boys give up the idea, but found they were unable to effect this without making them very much dissatisfied.

It was therefore finally decided to permit the boys to make one journey on the ocean with the hope that this would effectually cure the desire to become seamen. Places were secured on a vessel which plied along the coast, and the captain was urged to make the boys do some work daily so that they might know of the hardships as well as pleasure of sea life.

In high glee Johnny and Frank boarded the vessel for a three weeks' cruise. How they jumped and shouted as the vessel moved from the wharf on a bright, clear morning in June! And with what joy did they look over the vessel's side at the fish which were sporting in the water! But as the land vanished from sight they began to feel sick, and now the horrors of a sea voyage began to dawn upon them. They were just beginning to wish they were home again when the mate's gruff voice aroused them and they were ordered to get to work cleaning the deck, coiling rope, etc. Frank Jarvis, whose will at home was almost law, began to pout, but the threat of a "lashing" soon silenced him. The boys soon found that the best thing for them was to work as much and complain as little as possible.

The ship had been out for five days, and was now steering for the shore, when suddenly a terrible storm arose. The wind

drove the waves almost mountain high, and it seemed as though the ship would be completely covered. More dangerous, however, than the storm were the hidden rocks which on this part of the shore were very numerous. The captain ordered the vessel headed for the open sea, but just as the crew were beginning to feel secure a grating sound was heard. The meaning of this was well known to the sailors. An immediate rush was made for below where the water was found pouring in a large break in the side. The attempt to stop the hole was useless, and the boats were consequently lowered. Two of these with precious cargoes of souls got away safely, and the third, in which the boys were to go was about to leave the wreck when the vessel sank, and the whirlpool it created caused the boat to capsize. Some of the boatmen went down and were never seen again; others were seen to rise and float on the water for a time when they too sank. The two boys, being expert swimmers, had no trouble in keeping on the surface until the waves had sufficiently subsided for them to approach and grasp the mast of the sunken ship. They soon climbed to a sufficient height to escape being washed away, and here they were rocked to and fro during the long hours of the night which was upon them. Weary and hungry they commenced their watch the next day. Passing vessels were seen, but the attention of the seamen could not be attracted. Another night of suffering followed. The next day as the fatigued watchers were about to give up in despair, a vessel was seen, and as it came near them Johnny rose up, waved his handkerchief and shouted himself nearly hoarse. His efforts were not fruitless, for he was seen, and in a short time the almost famished boys were taken aboard a large steamship bound for England.

Scarcely had they reached the deck, however, before they became as limp as rags, and thus they laid for days, fully unconscious of all that was passing around them. But gradually they regained their strength, and by the time they again reached America they were quite well. The joy of the parents in again meeting their sons whom they had thought were drowned, was only equalled by that of the boys in being home again and seeing the faces of those whom they so dearly loved.

No desire of another sea voyage ever entered into the hearts of the boys, and the narrow escape they had from an untimely death made them very humble and quite willing to submit to the desires of their parents, even though the counsel thus received did not exactly accord with their own wishes.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PLEASE.

"GIVE me some more milk, Bridget," said Charlie Grey, holding up his tumbler.

The family were gathered at the tea-table.

When the girl had left the room his mother said—

"Charlie, that was not the best way to ask. You might have said 'please.'"

Charlie fidgeted a little.

"Must I say please to the servants, mother? They're paid to do their work."

"That's true; but it is a very easy thing for you to speak kindly, and it makes them happier. Anything that helps to make others happy is of consequence.

"But Bridget didn't care."

"How do you know that? Did you see her smile when Carrie said so pleasantly, 'Please, Bridget, another muffin?' She waited on you both, but it was with a different feeling."

"Well," said Charlie, hesitating. "Carrie's a girl."

"My boy," said his mother, earnestly, "the manliest and bravest men the world has known have been kind and thoughtful for others, even in little things. You have heard of the Duke of Wellington, that he was a great general and a brave commander. Almost the last thing he said, was, 'If you please,' and to a servant. One of his own servants asked him, as he lay, sick and weak, in bed, if he would have a cup of tea, and he answered, like a gentleman, as he was, 'If you please.'"

"Wasn't it the Duke of Wellington, mamma," asked Carrie, "who had a boy's pet toad fed while he was away at school, and wrote to him about it?"

"Yes; he had a truly kind heart, that counted nothing too small or humble for his notice. A greater than Wellington has given us the Golden Rule that guided the brave duke: to do *'in all things,'* as we would be done by." M. O. J.

A TRUE FRIEND.

MANY years ago, Sir Henry Wyatt, an English nobleman, was imprisoned for a fancied offense. He was not only deprived of his liberty, but scantily fed—in fact, half starved.

In this strait, who do you think came to his relief?

It was his pet cat. In some way she found out where he was; perhaps she followed one of the family who came to see him.

However that may be, she used to climb up outside, and come down the chimney into his room every day, bringing a partridge or some such game, which she had caught.

It seems to me that Sir Henry must have been a man of gentle and kind disposition. Pussy would not have so loved him as to render this

self-denying, constant service, if he had not been a kind master; for cats will not follow, like dogs, through good and ill.

His jailor was easily persuaded to have pussy's presents cooked for his daily dinner.

He seems to have been respected and liked, even while in prison.

But a glad day came, when he was released, and returned to his home. In his happiness, he did not forget or neglect his dumb friend. She was always a great pet, and his portrait was taken with her sitting by his side.

DASH.

"Must I, mamma?" whined a little boy with a cloudy face. His mother had handed him a basket, and asked him to go to the store for her.

She answered a little sadly, for his unwilling spirit grieved her.

"Yes; Jamie; I cannot leave baby, and Hannah is very busy ironing."

He obeyed, but not in the cheerful, willing way that would have given his mother pleasure.

A few days afterwards, they were invited to visit a friend. The lady had a pretty little dog named Dash. He was very good-natured, and Jamie enjoyed playing with him.

But he was surprised when he saw the lady give a basket to Dash, containing a written slip of paper, and heard her tell him to go to the grocery store.

As soon as she said "grocery" the little dog pricked up his ears, looked pleasantly in her face, with his bright, brown eyes, and, taking the basket in his mouth, trotted away down the street.

In about ten minutes he returned with the articles she wanted.

Of course he could not ask for them, but he carried the basket to the grocer, and the man read the writing on the paper. He usually served Dash as soon as he came in, because the little dog, if he had to wait, would keep barking.

Jamie felt ashamed when he saw little Dash so willing and ready to please his mistress, and remembered how selfish he had been when his kind mother, who was always doing for him, asked so trifling a service.

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE the commencement of the present raid upon our religion remarks something like the following have been frequently made: "If the Latter-day Saints believe the revelation on plural marriage to be divine, and that they are obeying God's will in taking wives, why do they not come out boldly and avow their belief and practices, make no defense; but acknowledge everything in court."

Some have expressed themselves to the effect that they would admire the Latter day Saints more if they would take this course. But I may ask, would this be wise for us to do under the circumstances?

There may be a difference of opinion upon this point even among Latter-day Saints; for I notice that some are ready to go into court and acknowledge all about their family relations. Probably some of these feel that others, who take a different course and who compel our enemies to bring forward proofs to convict, are not acting as manly a part as they should do.

While at some times and in some situations it might be proper and the more manly course to avow all that we believe and do, without any effort to compel our enemies to produce proof, the present time is not the occasion for such a policy to be pursued. Nothing would please them better than to have us all go into court and make the necessary acknowledgments to secure convictions. Nothing would please them better than to have the opportunity to scoop in and fill the penitentiary with "Mormon" victims. They would point to them as evidences of their success, and would give themselves great credit for achieving such results.

The duty that devolves upon us at the present time is to contest, in the best possible manner, this infamous Edmund's law. We cannot do this by going into court and pleading guilty. In fact it would be most unwise for us to do so. While it is in some respects very admirable to see a man willing to fully acknowledge his violation of that wicked law, it is still more manly under present circumstances to contest it. I notice that some prefer pleading guilty because it will save trouble. They do not want to have the trouble of a trial on their own account, and then they are averse to having their families or members of their families brought into court as witnesses. Therefore to save this trouble and annoyance to themselves and their families, they prefer to concede their own guilt. But if all were to take this course there would be no testing of the law.

This law is unconstitutional, and the day will come when it will be so declared. Its hideous features can only be brought to light by our people taking the course that has been recommended, that is, to contest it in every case that is possible. It would please our enemies immensely if the people accused would plead guilty and give them no trouble. They would get their fees then without having to earn them, and they would claim great praise for their zeal and success in enforcing the law.

Considering the amount of excitement there has been over these prosecutions it is very remarkable how few victims have been secured. This is principally due to the vigorous manner in which these persecutions have been fought, and if we continue to pursue this policy our persecutors will find that they have not settled this question, and that, in fact, its settlement is as far off as ever.

The hope has been indulged in that, upon finding ourselves in a corner, and unable to escape from punishment in the penitentiary, the First Presidency would come forward and surrender the principle of celestial marriage and counsel the people to do so also. If our persecutors have not already become satisfied that this hope of theirs is utterly fallacious, they will become convinced of it before they get through. This principle will be maintained; it will be believed in; it will be practiced by this people in the manner that God has commanded, and no agencies that can be brought to bear upon them will prevent this. I know that the feeling now is, both in Utah and elsewhere, that we are in a corner, and that this conflict which has been so long pending must now speedily be settled. It is thought we are powerless to prevent it. This is a very mistaken idea. The Lord will open a way in His own time and in His own season for the deliverance of His people. But it may be that He will suffer us to be tested and tried as we never yet have been in order to prove our integrity. Yet withal, of this we may rest assured, deliverance will come. The present administration of this law in this Territory will never stand calm, impartial criticism. The only justification that the judges and prosecution and those who are in sympathy with them have for the course which is now being taken, is that the end justifies the means, and that for the sake of the results sought for, constitutional methods can be set aside. There will be, most assuredly, a reaction in the country upon this question, and this will come very rapidly whenever it is learned that a door has been opened for us to escape from this persecution.

In the meantime, I hope all will take proper precautions to preserve themselves. No one should be deluded with the idea that it is more manly and honorable to give himself into the power of his enemies than it is to defend himself and to keep out of their clutches. Personally, I would rather go on a mission for any length of time, to any nation to which I might be sent, than to go to the penitentiary; for, as a missionary abroad, I could do more good than I could confined within prison walls. Yet if I felt it to be the will of the Lord that I should go to prison I trust I should not hesitate at going. I know this, that I did go to the penitentiary very willingly at one time. Judge Boreman appeared determined to force the executors of the late President Brigham Young to comply with his decree of court or go to prison for contempt. These executors were: Elders Brigham Young, Albert Carrington and myself. We were determined we would not comply with his decree, and we went to the penitentiary. Numbers of our brethren offered to furnish the means necessary to comply with the order of the court, but we refused to accept, and preferred going to prison and remaining there as long as the court chose to keep us confined rather than submit to its iniquitous decree. I feel so to-day. If I thought it was the Lord's will for me to go there I should go with pleasure. But I feel it is not His will; that it is my duty to keep myself free, at least until we can have a fair trial, which we cannot have at the present time.

President Taylor never did shrink from prison nor anything else that lay in the path of duty. He has shown this through his past life. It needs no proof to-day to convince the Latter-day Saints of this. But he feels that with the courts constituted as they are at present a man might as well ask for justice at the hands of pirates as to ask for justice in the courts of this Territory. Whenever his case can have a fair trial it will only take a little time to vindicate him and to clear away every charge of violating law that may be framed against him. His case alone is sufficient to prove the villainous character of the present persecution in this Territory. He is a venerable gentle-

man nearly seventy-seven years old. He has never broken any law of the United States. He married his wives when there was no law prohibiting plural marriage. Knowing that he would be the subject of fierce attack, when the Edmunds law was passed he took every precaution to make himself secure against charges of deliberately violating it, and arranged his family accordingly. Not that he believed the law to be constitutional, for he has denounced it as infamous; not that he designed to put away his wives, for he would rather suffer death than do this; but to leave his enemies without the power to accuse him of obstructing or defying the law and setting an example of rebellion. Yet with all this, nothing would please these villains better than to have an opportunity of consigning him to a prison. The day will come when his case alone will stir up feelings of indignation in the breasts of honest men all the world over when they hear the facts recited.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BONNET.

“WHAT an old-fashioned bonnet Mother Taylor wears, I think she must have worn it when she was a young girl.”

This remark was made by one of two little girls who were standing close beside me at the close of the meeting in the St. George tabernacle one evening during our conference. My eye quickly searched out the subject of their remarks.

She was standing in the aisle, a small, demure-looking woman, of some sixty years. Her dress, which was made of some black, glossy material, fitted very neatly her small, shapely body, round which was thrown a light, black Summer shawl. The face, overshadowed by the large old-fashioned bonnet with its faded black trimming, wore a look of peaceful tranquility. Her brown hair intermingled with grey was parted over a forehead full and beautiful though age and sorrow had left many wrinkles upon it, and combed low over the temples. Her brown eyes seemed scarcely dimmed by age and lit up her face with a beautiful radiance. It did not take the beholder long, as she stood there with her hymn book clasped between the folds of a white handkerchief she held between her wrinkled hands, to discern that she had been not only a very beautiful woman, but intellectual and refined as well.

By chance I was thrown in company with Mother Taylor as we walked home from meeting that afternoon, and as we neared my gate I asked her to come in; she said, “I am not in the habit of spending Sabbath evenings in visiting, but as everything about your home is so quiet and peaceful I’ll go in for a little while.”

As I drew my easy chair around for her, and took her bonnet and shawl, I remarked, “What a neat body you are Mother Taylor. You have worn this bonnet ever since I first knew you, now nearly twenty years, and the ribbons are yet clean though very much faded.”

“Yes,” she said, “I have worn it for thirty years and in all that time it has never been repaired, I have not changed the trimming except to add new strings. The stitches in it remain just as they were put there by my daughter over thirty years ago.”

I was interested and drew my chair close by the old lady’s side, while I listened to the beautiful touching story of that old and faded bonnet which I give to you as she told it to me:

“It may seem foolish to some that I prize the old bonnet so dearly, but I love this old relic of my former days. How well I remember the features of my child, a beautiful girl of sixteen years, as she sat in the mild soft light of that Spring afternoon sewing the trimming on this bonnet, which she had sewed and shaped herself from some rare old tuscan I had given her. She was very clever at such work, she was the milliner of the little town in which we lived before we joined the Church and moved to Nauvoo.

“At the time of our expulsion from that beautiful and beloved city, we were all of us suffering much from sickness; my husband was just recovering from an attack of lung fever; I had a babe two months old and five children besides. We suffered a great deal at the hands of the mob while making our journey from Nauvoo to Iowa, and after we arrived in that State, we must have all perished had we not been miraculously saved by the overruling hand of Providence. The weather was stormy and cold and we were for days on the river bank with nothing to protect us from the pitiless rain and wind. At length starvation was added to our other horrors. My babe who was chilled and sickened by the cold, starved on my breast and we buried her by the side of her brother, who died two weeks previous.

“My daughter—the one of whom I have been speaking—bore bravely all these privations and sufferings, and assisted me in caring for her father, who was stricken down with his former malady, and looking after the children; but she was never very strong and these hardships told heavily upon her delicate frame. She seemed to be gradually fading, and on this early day in Spring, which found her seated as I told you in the warm sunlight, she looked as if her spirit might at any moment resign its possession of that fair tabernacle. As she worked busily arranging her ribbons we talked of the scenes of the past year.

“‘Mother,’ she said, ‘brother and baby are not the only sacrifices you will be called on to make for the work of God; I have for a long time tried to cheat myself into a belief that I shall go with you to the mountains this Summer, but I find that I cannot, you will have to leave me here. When David comes home with the Battalion, tell him that I tried to wait for him but could not; we were to have been married next Summer in our beautiful temple now in ruins. I was thinking of all this last night when I went to bed and in my dreams I saw a beautiful valley in the mountains in which stood a bright and shining temple with angels thronging in and out of the doors. Mother you know there is a law in our Church by which we can have our dead married and if you are faithful through all, you will see that temple, and in it you will do that work for me that I cannot live to do for myself.’

“‘I lived over in my dreams the scenes through which we have so lately passed, but in all our sufferings and deaths there was no pain. I thought the walls of heaven opened and I saw the interior of our Father’s home, and I saw that each bright spirit that had to give up its earthly tabernacle for the sake of the gospel—the spirit of your children with the rest—were carried to heaven in the form of a star and were fastened by the prayers of the Saints upon the walls there, where they shone in splendor and, I was told they were placed there to please the eye of our Father, for He delighted to look upon them; and I again saw our beautiful temple wrapped in flames, and the likeness of it thus was painted upon a banner and hung upon the walls there where all might gaze upon it.

"Now mother, do not grieve that you have made these sacrifices, but rejoice that you have these stars in our Father's mansion. Your crown will be a bright one I know, for all you are called to endure for the gospel's sake. I feel no malice towards our enemies, mother, though they have brought so much sorrow and death to our people, but I feel to pray to God to forgive them, for they know not what they do when they persecute the Saints. This bonnet, which I thought to wear myself, mother, I give to you; the completion of it is the last work I shall ever do in this life, and you must wear it for my sake; with you its ribbons will look bright and nice for a long time."

"The next morning she arose much depressed in body and spirit and during the day her malady increased. Towards evening I saw that my darling would not much longer remain. She said: 'Call father to administer to me that I may live to see the sun go down.'

"I called him, and her last wish was gratified. A few minutes after sunset she said, 'Now father, lay me on mother's bed,' he did so, and she quietly breathed her last. And so I wear this last work of her loving hands with feelings of love and tenderness, and there is a charm in these faded trimmings that no finer drapery can take away."

As the old lady arose to go it was with a feeling something akin to reverence that I placed upon her head this old-fashioned bonnet.

MAC.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

AFTER effecting an opening of the gospel among the Maoris of the Wairarapa, the work was vigorously prosecuted. Many of the natives were led to investigate the new, and somewhat strange religion, which had come in their midst. This, too, in accordance with some predictions previously made by a Maori prophet: that in 1883, a new religion would come, (at that time "Mormonism" was unknown among the Maoris of the Wairarapa), and all other religions would be inferior to the new one. The prophecy and its literal fulfillment gave the gospel prestige and influence with that people. The members of the Church were gradually increased by additions to the Church, so much so that it was necessary to organize them into branches, that thereby they might be drilled in the principles, which they had embraced. For the Maoris, who are environed by much sin and temptations, are easily allured from the good resolution and determination, which they may have made for reformation. Ihaiia was called to preside at Manaia, and Manihera at Papawai.

At Papawai, Wairarapa, New Zealand, on Sunday, December 9, 1883, meeting was held in the residence of Brother Manihera, when the first branch of the Church among the natives was organized. The various officers and duties of the Priesthood were thoroughly explained to the people, after which two brethren were ordained to the office of Elders, four others were made Priests and two Teachers. Manihera Te Whenuanui, was then appointed president of the Papawai branch, and others were chosen as counselors and helps to him.

Not many months passed away before the dusky Saints could administer the sacrament, assist in confirmation, take general charge of meetings, and perform the duties of their callings with equal, and in some instances better, proficiency

than that of the white Saints in the world with the same experience.

The emissaries of the evil one apparently followed our trail. Many of the Europeans from the adjoining settlements, in many instances ministers of the gospel, would visit Papawai, where we had organized the branch, and labor with Manihera, the president of the branch, to turn him from what they considered a vain delusion. But he was sufficiently fortified with the armor of truth that the false reports which they manufactured and carried to him and the Saints, proved of no avail, and in argument upon the Bible they were like a mosquito wrestling with an elephant.

The Maoris seemed to have faith and confidence in the holy oil and its application for the rebuking of affliction. When anything was the matter with them they invariably desired us to anoint and administer to them, and in the majority of cases the power and efficacy of the same was made strikingly apparent in causing a restoration of health in the patient. At the time of our sojourn in that section of country, there was a low fever preying upon the systems of some of the Maoris. A young man, Robert Teroto, a member of the Church, had been down sick for a comparatively lengthy period of time and was apparently wasting away under the complaint. He was pronounced by competent doctors to be beyond recovery as the disease greatly afflicted his lungs.

One Sunday, after meeting, we all bowed before God in prayer on behalf of the sufferer and then repaired to the room where lay the young man who was anointed with holy oil. He began to recover immediately. His doctors on coming to see him Monday morning, were astonished beyond measure at finding his lungs strong, and he speedily recovering. This manifestation of the power of God strengthened our faith and that of the Maoris in the truth.

The gospel, when comprehended, is to them as milk is to the new born babe, or the refreshing dews of heaven to the thirsty flowers. By the Holy Ghost, which the gospel imparts, the veil of the mystery of the past is torn asunder and they gaze back through the vista of time and realize that they are indeed a portion of the tender branches, which were broken off from the tame olive tree, and planted in the nethermost part of the vineyard.

Often the important question was put to us, "Why did you not come before and bring this glorious plan of redemption and save our race from decay and death to which many of our chiefs and countrymen have become victims?"

To-day where roamed and lived hundreds and thousands of robust, healthy and gigantic warriors with their help-meets and boards of children, may be seen lying upon the grass or sitting on the sunny side of gloomy, ill-formed habitations, old, decrepid, and in many cases blind, deaf and halt men and women. Occasionally a young baby is to be seen, but in many instances death has his seal upon it. To gaze upon these heart-sickening spectacles, implants within the human heart sentiments of pity and sympathy, and causes one to realize, how very fatal is the introduction of the adjuncts of civilization into the midst of the aborigines of newly-discovered countries! Christianity and modern civilization claim many plaudits for a transformation from spiritual and intellectual darkness, and an utter state of depravity and barbarism, to a higher standard of light, intelligence and morality. But my experience among the natives of New Zealand, has caused me to doubt the validity of these claims of credit and honor on the part of the civilizing and christianizing methods employed by those common-wealths, who are professedly engaged in the same.

True the advent of civilization and christianity into New Zealand has redeemed them from the lowest practice of barbarity, such as cannibalism, and wars, which characterized them in early days. Still, such practices did not diminish the population with one-twentieth the rapidity, as such practices as intemperance, illicit intercourse and kindred enormities are effecting among them to-day.

(To be Continued.)

PROMISES REALIZED.

BY M. F. C.

THERE are doubtless hundreds of instances which have occurred in the history of the Elders of this Church exhibiting the power of God, particularly in the fulfillment of modern prophecy, which when related, are calculated to promote faith in the minds of the youth of Zion.

In looking over the journal of my father, I find the narration of several incidents which may form matter for one or two brief articles and be of interest to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

My grandfather with his family, arrived in Nauvoo, from the Isle of Man late in the year 1843.

Finding no employment in Nauvoo, grandfather and family removed to Warsaw, he giving his overcoat and grand-mother's shawl as security for the loan of four dollars to pay the passage thence. Here they worked hard at brick-making for about six months. My father's journal contains the following:

"By this time there arose a great disturbance about the 'Mormons,' throughout the State of Illinois. The little town we lived in was not a whit behind in being excited, and all the inhabitants were ordered to take up arms against the 'Mormons,' Nauvoo and Joseph Smith. Father, too, was ordered to take up arms against his brethren and sisters. Two armed men came to the house we lived in, and took him by force to the office, where they took names, and offered him a musket, which he refused to accept, saying at the same time, 'Gentlemen, I shall never fight against my brethren—the Saints of Almighty God, no, never!'

"Those who were walking behind him, when they marched him to their rendezvous, made motions as though they were going to cut his throat. They would not have anything to do with me because I was too young, and told me to go home and take care of my mother. They then ordered us to leave the town within twenty-four hours. We were not able to do so, because we could not procure any conveyance. Father himself was driven late in the afternoon, several miles out of town, at the point of the bayonet. They told him if he ever returned they would shoot him, and appointed a guard that night to see if he came back. He traveled on to Nauvoo, a distance of between twenty and thirty miles. There had been some very wet weather previously, and the creeks were high, so that he was obliged to swim many of the streams during the night. Owing to the current being so swift, he was carried down some of them a considerable distance before he could reach the other side.

"He reached Nauvoo in the morning feeling very fatigued. After resting awhile, and receiving some refreshments, he went to see the Prophet Joseph, told him what had occurred, and that he had left his family behind to the mercy of the mob, and was afraid they would massacre them. Joseph then raised

his hand and said: 'Brother C——, they shan't hurt a hair of their heads. God bless you.' Father then joined the Nauvoo Legion. The guns being all engaged he procured a pitch-fork and marched.

"Before Joseph went to Carthage, he stood on the top of a frame house that was in course of erection and addressed the Legion and people assembled. Among other things, the Prophet said: 'Brethren, are you willing to die for me?' The entire multitude answered 'aye.' Then said he, 'I'll die for you. I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am as calm as a Summer's morning, I have a conscience void of offense towards God and all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood.'

How literally were these solemn words fulfilled. He did go like a lamb to the slaughter, and he was murdered in cold blood, by a ruthless mob.

"Father was still in Nauvoo. About 4 p. m., on the 28th of June, 1844, mother and myself being in Warsaw, heard cheering and saw men throwing their hats up in the air. I felt like knowing what was the matter, and ran out among them, making my way through the blood-thirsty mob towards the one who was speaking. I soon learned that they had killed Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. The speaker saw me and ordered me home to stop with my mother. Knowing that I was a 'Mormon' boy, a crowd of school boys followed me, being urged on by the mob. They clubbed me all the way home with whatever they could find in the street. I escaped them through a neighboring yard, and got into the house the back way.

"Soon after I had occasion to go to the river for a pail of water. The mob saw me again, and hired a drunken man, for a large sum of money, to throw me into the river, and drown me. He followed me to the bank of the Mississippi river and as I was stooping to dip up the pail of water, caught me by the back of the neck, and said, 'Now you d——d little 'Mormon,' I'll drown you.' I asked him why he would drown me, and if I had ever done him any harm? 'No,' he said, 'I won't drown you, I'll be d——d if I do, they may drown you themselves; I've got my pay, you may go home.'

"By this time, mother heard that the mob was drowning me. I started home with my pail of water, and met her coming to rescue me, said I, 'Mother, all is right. The Lord is on our side, you know Joseph prophesied that the mobocrats should not hurt a hair of our heads. They can't do it.'

"That evening they put a torch three times to the house we occupied, but it would not burn. During this time the mobocrats of Warsaw were moving their wives and children across the river, so as to be secure from the expected "Mormon" company.

"After a few days of excitement and anxiety, a team came for us from Nauvoo the driver stating that Brother C—— had sent him for his family and goods. We were not long in packing up and leaving Warsaw. We arrived in Nauvoo about 3 p. m. the next day. Father was out of town on business, but we met some friends, who found us a house. We got our furniture into it, and felt at home once more, feeling that we were delivered from our enemies, by the power of God."

Considering the times, and the trying position in which they were placed, when bitter animosity in that region was aroused against every man, woman and child bearing the name of Latter-day Saint, and yet escaping without the slightest injury, shows that Joseph was endowed with the spirit of prophecy, and that the Almighty confirmed His words by the direct manifestation of His providence in their behalf.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

WORDS BY S. C. WATSON.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

f Truth is mighty and will win Ev'ry vict'ry ov - er sin; Tho' the day may seem de -
 Truth is mighty! who can stay Its pro - gressive march to - day? Bonds and fet - ters man may
 Pun - y man may raise his arm Truth's em - bat - tle - ments to storm, But the shafts by Er - ror

p layed, Ye who have the truth o - beyed Wait a - while and you shall see—Truth will
 bind, Who can chain the hu - man mind? Who its bondage shall pro - claim, Caus - ing
 sent Ev - er fall - eth im - po - tent; Soon a wond'ring world will see Scorn - ed

f gain the vic - tor - y, Wait a - while and ye shall see—Truth will gain the vic - tor - y,
 dark - ness to re - main? Who its bondage shall pro - claim, Causing darkness to re - main?
 truth shall vic - tor be, Soon a wond'ring world will see Scorned truth shall vic - tor be.

NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nothing! how shall I define
 Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
 Nor form, nor color, sound, nor size are thine,
 Nor words, nor fingers can thy voice express.
 But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
 A thousand things to thee may likened be;
 And though thou art with nobody, nowhere,
 Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
 How many books thy history contain,
 How many heads thy mighty plans pursue,
 What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain,
 What busy bodies thy doings only do,
 To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
 And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.

Porson.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 12, is BOX ELDER. We have received correct solutions from Charles A. Workman, Virgin City, Kane County; Carl Bassett, Salt Lake City.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

CHARADE.

BY J. M. F.

A resident of the 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 While sitting near my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 Complained of a pain in his 2, 3, 4,
 The result was he could not 1, 2, 3, 4.

Being much grieved at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
 For of his senses he had lost a part,
 From this thought his mind to avert,
 Commenced the study of a useful 3, 4, 5.

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